



CALIFORNIA

Blankets are beyond question superior in every point of merit to any others that are manufactured in America. They are made of the very finest grade of lambs wool and are as soft as silk, and for durability they are celebrated the world round. We take pleasure in announcing that we have just received a splendid line of these goods and that we are selling them at popular prices. We will sell you a pair of Thirteen-quarter CALIFORNIA BLANKETS worth \$15 for \$12. California blankets, same size, best goods in this market, worth \$20 for \$14. Also, a magnificent assortment of scarlet, gray and white blankets from \$1 up to the finest goods that can be found in any first-class dry goods house in Texas. Do not fail to see our stock of Blankets and Red Comforts before you buy. We will certainly save you money in this line of goods.

WOOLEN UNDERWEAR.

In this department our sales have been very satisfactory to us and our customers tell us that we carry the largest and most complete stock of these goods in this city and that our prices suit them "exactly." Children's, Misses and Boys' medicated and union suits at prices to please everybody. Ladies' all wool and merino undersuits from \$1 up to \$5 per suit. Ladies' French ribbed vests at \$1 each, worth \$1.75.

"Money Saved is Money Made."

Way go and pay a merchant \$40, \$50 or \$60 for a suit of clothes when we will sell you the same grade of clothing for about half that price? Our stock in this department is very large and we make it a special point to mark the goods so low that the best grades of these goods will be within the reach of the most economical buyer. Call and see what we can do for you in this department. Boys' Kilt suits, Boys' Jersey suits, Boys' cassimere suits and Boys' Overcoats in great profusion.

SHOES! SHOES!! SHOES!!

Full line of Burt's and Mear's hand-made bal, button and congress shoes in all style of lasts for men's wear at \$5.00 and \$6.00. Guaranteed to be the very best shoes made in America. Sissy Adams' button, bal and congress shoes for men's wear at \$4.00, \$5.00 and \$6.00. Smith & Stoughton's celebrated shoes for men's wear at \$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.50 and \$4.00 per pair. For good service, we especially recommend this make of shoes. This week we shall place on sale a full line of Alfred Dolge's celebrated Felt Shoes and Slippers. It is impossible to have cold feet while wearing felt shoes, and to people suffering from tender or sore feet they are invaluable. Try them and you will regret it.

CLOAKS! CLOAKS!! CLOAKS!!!

Magnificent stock from which to make your selections! A wonderful diversity of styles! Beautiful goods to delight every body, and prices that put to flight all competition. No trouble to show goods. Plush shortwraps in great profusion at popular prices. Children's and misses' cloaks in an endless variety in correct styles and at low prices. Come and see them. 200 dozen children's medicated underwear received on Thursday. One lot jet dress sets this week worth \$2 for \$1.25 each. One lot jet dress sets this week worth \$2.50 for \$1.75 each. One lot jet dress sets this week worth \$3, for \$2 each. One lot braided dress sets this week worth \$2, for \$1.50 each. Bargains in every department.

B. C. EVANS CO'S.

Fort Worth, Texas.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK,
Corner Houston and Second Streets, Fort Worth, Texas.
Cash Capital and Surplus \$475,000.
Directors—J. E. Gentry, W. B. Lloyd, G. H. Hildebrand, D. O. Bennett, George Jackson, A. B. Burnett, E. B. Harrold and E. W. Harrold.
TRANSACTS A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS.

THE MERCHANTS NATIONAL BANK.
Capital Paid In \$300,000.00.
BANKING HOUSE, Corner Sixth and Main Streets, FORT WORTH, TEX.
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THE FORT WORTH NATIONAL BANK.
Successors to Tidball, VanZandt & Co., Fort Worth, Tex.
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FINE LINEN STATIONERY.
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The largest and best stock in North Texas. Send for prices before purchasing elsewhere.
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RATES, \$2.50 Per Day.
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T. M. JONES & CO.,
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BOOKSELLERS AND STATIONERS. GENERAL AGENTS FOR THE
Caligraph, Cyclostyle and Butterick Patterns.
Mail orders have our best attention.

CASEY & SWASEY,
Wholesale Whisky Merchants,
And Dealers in all kinds of
WINE, LIQUORS and CIGARS
Sole Agents for Schell's Celebrated Bottled Beer, of Milwaukee Bottling, and Wm. J. Lamp Bottled and Keg Beer.
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BATEMAN & BROS.,
(Established 1865.)
Wholesale Grocers & Commission Merchants
Nos. 12, 14, 16 and 18 East Second Street, Corner Throckmorton.
Fort Worth, Texas.

EARTH TO EARTH.

The Anarchists' Funeral Procession
Winds its Way Through Chicago
Like a Monster Black Snake.

The St. Brother of Adolph Fischer
Arrested While Haranguing a
Crowd in New York.

Fielden and Schwab Fall to Keoghan
Free Other After Going Through the
Fanning Process at Joliet.

POLICE OUT IN FULL FORCE

CHICAGO, ILL., Nov. 13.—The entire quad of the central detail of police were on duty this morning at 9 o'clock. About twenty of the men had been on reserve all night, and spent the day in the station instead of being assigned to positions on the line of march. At 12:45 p. m., shortly after word was received that the funeral procession had started from the corner of Hubbard called on the men to file on and assigned those who had not been on night duty to stations along the line of march from Lake street to the corner of Fifth avenue and Harrison street. Four men were placed at each street intersection. Orders were given to stay until the crowd dispersed, and then to go home and report for duty at 9 p. m. at the Desplaines street station.

THE OBSEQUIES.

CHICAGO, ILL., Nov. 13.—Fitting mile after mile in the gloom, close down to the cold earth five unseen souls figure, feeling in death as from one great Being for whom alone there can be no low riding place. To-night in the darkness at the most desolate spot on prairie's wide expanse five ghastly figures were symbols of the attempted destruction to law. They were the five dead anarchists, Spies, Parsons, Fischer, Engel and Lingz. Probably half a million people in the city of this terrible crime saw the last public preparations for the final flight to the tomb. Scarcely half the number expected, seven thousand men and 250 women, aided in the city by forming in procession behind them. Ten thousand people were present in the breast, empty grave yard adjacent to Chicago. When the corpses were at last hidden under matted curses and bitter murmurs, and cries of "Throttle the law," accompanied

THE PARTING WORDS

spo' on over the five lifeless bodies. It was almost to the second the exact time the forty-eight hours before the scaffold drop fell with August Spies and his comrades, that to day the blackest of hearsees drew up at the door of his relatives. More peculiar still was the fact that the hearse was just ready to start at the precise moment corresponding to the announcement at the gallows that Spies had ceased to breathe. This was the beginning of the obsequies.

The scene is at the extreme northwest corner of the city, and the route taken resembles nothing so much as a black snake stretching to the center of Chicago, and protruding out and beyond the furthest southwestern angle. The lines of blackness were formed of human beings wedged together into almost a single continuous whole. Off from Milwaukee avenue Spies lived in a little oasis of well-to-do Americans and Germans, while the others entombed to-day had places of abode scattered at intervals of five or six blocks close to the same thoroughfare, but in the midst of

THE MOST FOREIGN CLASSES

of Chicago's foreign-born population. About 4000 persons, most of them neighbors of Spies, gathered on the street and sidewalk of the block in which Spies lived when the time for the departure came. As at the other houses where the anarchists' bodies lay, a constant stream of mourners and curious sight-seers had been since almost daylight, pouring through the buildings and viewing the livid remains or gazing at the weeping relatives. When the forty-eight hours anniversary of the scaffold drop had come and the sombre hearse was standing patient at the curb, the tall stately form of Captain Black, the anarchists' chief counsel, was seen stepping out through the throng at the Spies threshold. Supported on his arm and with his head pillowed on his shoulder was clinging

A GIRLISH FIGURE
clad in crepe from head to foot. The picture of the little face was veiled from sight. Instantly the whisper was heard on every side: "There she is—there's Nina Van Zandt; that's Spies' wife!"

It was not till the coffin had been placed inside the hearse, the mourners had entered the carriages, and 500 blue-badged Turners had formed in the ranks ahead, that the crowd discovered its mistake. Calmly seated in the first carriage, without one sign of mourning in her appearance or a trace of grief in her pale, set face, was Nina Van Zandt.

The most striking view of the procession to-day was obtained at the corner of Lake and Desplaines streets, because it brought so vividly to mind the scenes of May, 1886, when the bomb was thrown. It was just 12:45 p. m. when the head of the line reached the spot at the corner saloon and hall of Charles Hepp, the anarchist. It was to this saloon that Parsons took his wife and children after he had finished his speech at the Haymarket, and there they sat when

THE BOMB WAS THROWN.

Two hundred and fifty feet south of the corner stood the wagon from which Spies and his comrades spoke, and counselled the throttling of the law, and here, too, was the alley from which the hissing bomb fell into the ranks of the police. A little further south is the spot where the bomb fell and did such awful destruction. Was it by accident or design that the parade wound around the historic corner? The line of march took the army of sympathizers directly past Graf's hall, in the basement of which a group of "Reds" used to hold nightly conferences and instruct each other in the use of dynamite and practice the manual of arms. At the hour mentioned a line of men could be seen crossing the Desplaines street viaduct where, in 1878, the bloody

fight took place between the police and railroad strikers. There was

NO ADVANCE GUARD OF POLICE.

Chief Marshal Charles Hepp with two aides the way. There were no red hats simple black clothes and crane on their arms. Then came a brilliantly dressed corps of musicians dressed in the colors of the German army, wearing on their heads spiked helmets. It was a strange scene. The band master carried a sword in his hand and bore a striking resemblance to King William, of Prussia. As this band passed the steps of the hall which was open and filled with drinking men, it struck up a dirge, as did in fact every other band in the procession, and there were at least fifteen of them. Following the first corps of musicians walked the defense committee, who had charge of collecting funds with which it was hoped to save the reds from their fate. George Schilling led the committee and carried a floral tribute. Following them

MARCHED EIGHT ARREST

nearly two hundred men of the Aurora Turn Verein of which August Spies was a member. The whole society was not out as many members are not in sympathy with anarchy. Four hundred of the Vorwärts' Turner society came next wearing red badges on their breasts. This branch of the Turners is more strongly tinged with socialism than any in the city. One hundred of the Ver Schreitt branch came next, and then followed the feature of the procession. It was the hearse of August Spies. There were no nodding black plumes, but the top was so

COVERED WITH FLORAL TRIBUTE

that nothing could be seen. Inside was a richly covered casket. Standing out in bold relief against the black jrod cloth of the coffin, was thrown a great ash of red silk. It was all the more striking because no flowers had been placed inside. The crowds on the street corner strained their necks to get a glimpse of this hearse in the pageant. Then another band wheeled into Lake street playing a dirge. It was in front of many anarchists and members of the Central Labor Union, the members of which are among the most extreme socialists of the city. Behind them walked the black horses which drew the hearse in which lay the coffin of Adolph Fischer, he who yelled "Hurrah for anarchy!" the moment he was hanged. His hearse had not so many flowers on it as did that of Spies, but there were enough to show that although he was a poor man his fellow socialists had not failed to remember him; but for some reason

NO RED SILK EMBLEM

of his faith had been thrown across the casket. Then came the funeral carriage of A. R. Parsons. On the box by the driver sat a man holding a floral emblem of such immense size that the inscription of flowers "from Knights of Labor Assembly 1907," could be seen 100 feet away. This is the assembly to which Parsons belonged until it was kicked out of the order for its adherence to the cause of the reds. For the hearse, that this was the only floral piece of the hearse, it attracted all the more attention. Then there was another little thing about Parsons' coffin—instead of a great sash of red thrown across it, there was a simple strip of ribbon which was trailed from the head of the casket to almost the center, and was then strung along the floor of the hearse until it wound itself

INTO A LITTLE BEAP

at the foot. "It is suggestive of a serpent," was the remark of the on-lookers. Then came another escort of the Central Labor Union, butchers and bakers, and representatives of all sorts of trades. Behind these were drawn the hearse of George Engel and Louis Lingz. They were friends in life and lived together, and in the funeral pageant were placed in close proximity. Over both black coffins were the red banners under which the men had fought. Several floral pieces were carried behind by stalwart men. All through this which may be called the first part of the demonstration were carriages interspersed containing relatives and friends of the dead anarchists, but the original programme was changed in the hurry and confusion of getting the line together so that the carriages of the mourners became somewhat mixed.

The next feature was the turn-out of people who followed after the hearse. Down from the viaduct, around the corner, into Lake street, they marched. There were men, there were women, there were boys and girls on foot and babes in arms, bands of music and arms full of flowers. In ranks of four to eight deep they tramped, husbands, wives, children and sweethearts. They swung into Lake street,

NOT A WORD BEING UTTERED

by those in the ranks or those on the corners. The respect shown by the police for those in the parade was remarkable. Only eight officers were stationed at this historic corner to keep the crowd back from intruding. A noticeable feature of this part of the pageant was the showing made by two local assemblies of Knights of Labor composed wholly of women. Each of these were clad with red. Scarlet in their hats, bows of crimson at their throats and long streamers of crimson from their shoulders, made the appearance of the work-women an object of especial comment. In front of them marched Miss Mary McCormack, master workman of the organization known as the Lucy Parsons Assembly Knights of Labor. She was attended by two others, who carried a wreath, to the top of which was attached

A SNOW-WHITE DOVE,

the emblem of peace. It will be remembered that the signal for the gathering at the Haymarket was the printed German word "Friede," meaning peace. This was the only white dove in the whole line. The tribute was sent by the ladies' defense committee of Cincinnati. Then followed men, women and children, and it took the marching thousands just twenty-three minutes to pass the corner. After the foot warriors came carriages to the number of fifty. They were overloaded with people of all ages and sexes. Here a change was made, instead of turning into Lake street they kept on due south on Desplaines street. At a brisk trot squarely over the spot where the bomb fell tramped the horses, but there

WAS NO CROWD TO-DAY.

Not more than a dozen people were at the corner of Randolph street when the funeral carriage rolled by. On went the line past

Des Plaines station, on the steps of which stood Lieut. Bold and a few policemen.

In the alley stood a patrol wagon all ready to go, showing that the officers were on the alert. The carriages reached the Wisconsin Central depot twenty minutes ahead of the marchers in the procession, who went east on Lake street and passed the building in which was formerly the office of August Spies and A. R. Parsons, where they wrote the bloodthirsty articles for their respective papers, the Arbeiter Zeitung and Alarm. As the first ranks of the Aurora Turnverein passed the building one of its members raised in the air a small United States flag and waved it over his head. This was the signal for a cheer from the loyal spectators on the sidewalk. In half an hour more Marshal Hepp halted the procession at the Wisconsin Central depot and the coffin of the four men who had paid the penalty of murder on the gallows, and that of Louis Lingz, the bomb maker, were borne on the shoulders of the pall bearers to the depot, and deposited in a combination baggage and smoking car. The train was ready to start for Waldheim cemetery.

AT THE DEPOT.

The Wisconsin Central depot is situated on what is known as the levee. The inhabitants are of the poorest and least reputable class. The houses are of the very poorest, and long before the funeral procession reached the depot the tops of the structures were crowded with sight-seers, and out of every window peeped dozens of eyes. A strong cordon of police were on guard, and kept the throng back on the side streets and alleys. Inside the depot were 3000, pushing and jostling each other in a mad rush to gain seats in the train. Every little while a whirl of excitement would be raised by the rush of detectives after pickpockets, of which there were many in the crowd. The first train consisted of fifteen coaches. On the side track was the baggage car for carrying the bodies and the engine which was to draw the train. So dense was the crowd in the depot and in the street that it was impossible for one to force a passage. The engine and funeral car pulled slowly out on the main track and were attached to the other coaches. In the first coach were the mourners. In this were Captain Black, Miss VanZandt, Mrs. Spies, August's mother, and Ferdinand and Chris, the two brothers. Then there was Mrs. Parsons, Mrs. Engel and the children, and Misses Fischer and her two babies. No outsiders were allowed to intrude on privacy of the mourners. The next coach was chartered by the Aurora Turnverein. In it by courtesy seats were given to Mrs. Captain Black and her adopted boy, Mrs. Schwab and Mrs. Kleiden, whose husbands are in the penitentiary, Mrs. Mary Holmes and a few other female friends and press representatives. The rest of the cars were filled with all sorts, who filled every seat. Three other trains were made up and yet all who would have gone to the cemetery could not be accommodated. In all forty coaches were taken out.

NINA AT THE FUNERAL.

The countenance of Spies' youthful proxy bride, to-day had suddenly acquired a dignity and maturity that gave an unlooked for aspect to one of her years. Aside from this expression the features were peculiarly yellowish. It may have been the mere fancy of observers, but those who saw the face of Spies, as he strode to his place on the gallows, said the pallor on his countenance was then the same as that to day on the face of Nina VanZandt. She wore a fur-trimmed wrap of dark wine colored velvet simply made, a black silk dress and a neat, small bonnet to match. While the crowd gazed at her and her dress, the girl who had accompanied Captain Black into the same carriage with Spies' proxy wife, threw back her veil and disclosed the tear-stained features of the dead man's sister Gretchen. Alongside of Miss Van Zandt and listening at times to her words of glorification of Spies was the anarchist's aged mother. There were hard lines in her face, but she tried to command her grief. At this moment the music of the dirge was heard and cortege started on its way. Along all the streets through which the procession passed people gathered on the corners to see the procession pass.

The procession passed by Fischer's, Parsons', Lingz's, and afterward Engel's, in order to gather up their remains. In the distance half a mile away could be seen the pickets of the cemetery's high patrol. The barren brown prairies and sunless sky added chill to the raw winds wailing through the telegraph wires.

ATTEMPTED ASSASSINATION.

CHICAGO, ILL., Nov. 13.—Great excitement was caused among the members of the Second regiment this morning by the report of an attempt to assassinate one of the guards on duty on the south side of the armory at Washington boulevard. Private M. Bell was patrolling at the north end of the building, and about 4:40 he was startled by the report of a gun and a bullet whistling past his ear. The shot apparently came from the top of some coal shed on Carpenter

Continued on Fifth Page.



SIMMONS' LIVER REGULATOR.

BILIOUSNESS

Is an affection of the Liver and can be thoroughly cured by this great regulator of the Liver and Biliary organs.

Simmons' Liver Regulator.

Only genuine prepared by

J. C. ZIEGLER & CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

It was affected for several years with disorders of the Liver, which resulted in a severe attack of jaundice. I had good medical attendance, but failed to restore me to the enjoyment of my former health. I then tried the favorite prescription of one of the most renowned physicians of Louisville, Ky., but to no purpose. Thereupon I was induced to try Simmons' Liver Regulator. I found immediate benefit from its use and in a few days restored me to the full enjoyment of health.

"A. H. SHIPLEY, Richmond, Ky."